" San Fernando Valley - calling!"

You may take a boat to England
Or fly across to Rome,
But I bet my bottom dollar
You will wish you were back home.

There's a spot in California
Where the Plum and Orange bloom,
Where the Olive and Acacia
And the Eucalyptus plume:
Where each day the old Pacific
Seems to laugh and leap with glee
And at night lies back and puffs his pipe
In lazy fog-eerir
Through the canyons of the mountains
To a valley,quiet in sleep -
The San Fernando Valley
Where the stars and foothills meet.

Where every low-walled rancho
Has a gate that opens wide,
And each tiled-roof hacienda
Has a cozy light inside.
Where the dew on the alfalfa,
On the lemon-bud and sage
Scents the air in wild-sweet fragrance -
As in hallow'd bygone age.
For t'was here the Padres tarried,
Ploughed the soil and planted treees,
Trees for fruit and nuts and fuel,
Trees for shade and summer's breeze

T'was a desert land of promise
Rich in sand-topped hidden loams
Parched for water - which they gave it -
Made it blossom for our homes.
Built the San Fernando Mission
With its sweet-toned mellow bell
Calling men to rest and worship
And refreshment, from their well.
And somehow there seems to linger
Something of that vesper hour
Twilight stillness, hushed in beauty
With its haunting dreamy power -

So,no matter where you wander
In this land or overseas,
San Fernando Valley calls you -
Calls you home to quiet and ease.

TH 1944